



the sefer



# the sefer

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## THE SEFER STAFF

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## CONTENTS

Rain	B.H. Reeves, Jr. . . . .	6
Summer	John Stone . . . . .	7
I Can Dig It	Mike Wafford . . . . .	8
Sunset	Phillip Garges . . . . .	10
Though I Cannot Call You Father	A.B. Leaming . . . . .	11
Walking with the wildflowers . . .	Elissa Domroe . . . . .	13
Bumpety — Bump	Cathryn Rubenstein . . .	14
Small Talk	Bill Gay . . . . .	15
The Call By Long Distance	Teresa Smith . . . . .	16
Today for the first time . . .	Naomi Coker . . . . .	17
I'd Like To Be Remembered	Bill Gay . . . . .	18
My Woman	Bill Gay . . . . .	18
Will You Share The Love You Hold	Mike Wafford . . . . .	19
On Being Between	Al Anderson . . . . .	21
The Pride Lasts Longer	Cathryn Rubenstein . . .	22
All for the price . . .	Elissa Domroe . . . . .	24
Dreamer	B.H. Reeves, Jr. . . . .	25
To be a magic pumpkin . . .	Dennis Ziebell . . . . .	27
World War One Photograph	John Stone . . . . .	28
Magic pumpkins . . .	Dennis Ziebell . . . . .	30
If i could find the words . . .	Teresa Smith . . . . .	31
To Jeannette	DuBose Robertson . . .	32
Reflections In White	Elissa Domroe . . . . .	34
Spring	Ken Elm . . . . .	35
Searching	Mildred Shaw . . . . .	35
Grass	Meta Huggins . . . . .	38
You remind me of Spring . . .	Naomi Coker . . . . .	39
From The Editor . . . . .		40

“ . . . The world is a looking-glass, and gives back  
to every man the reflection of his own face.”

William Makepeace Thackeray  
( 1811 — 1863 )



## RAIN

Rain descended into puddles,  
And swept great waltzes on the lake,  
But it was early Sunday morning,  
And decent folk were not about.  
I was the only lucky one  
To hold communion with the rain.  
I alone heard her laugh and call my name.

B.H. Reeves, Jr.



## SUMMER

I see them coughing behind the walls,  
dark-skin men in gauzed white shirts,  
gazing 'at the sun. The cellophane cigar  
wrapped in the sand--catching the  
untaught eye to see the awesome  
of the day--and one, anyone  
against the granite wall.

My thoughts to fingers to thread,  
melt to the mass, as glaring sunlight  
against the rough stone melts.  
While the laughing fire lives on  
with ice green lights.

John Stone

## I CAN DIG IT

You know I can dig  
when the sky darkens,  
and thunder roars and rumbles,  
and lightning cracks  
and thunder claps.  
It gets darker,  
the sun hides his face  
in a black froth  
of clouds.  
And raindrops  
splatter on the pavement  
making circles  
as big as dimes  
then quarters,  
and splatters on my shoes,  
on my shirt,  
soaking my hair,  
sending rivulets of rain  
down the contours of my face.  
Rain, thunder and lightning,  
lightning which blazes  
across the midnight colored sky.

But the game has just begun  
for the most fun  
is yet to come,  
because the wind is here,  
hear him howl  
with awesome glee,  
see the trees bow  
to his majesty as  
he hurls his horizontal

he hurls his horizontal  
shafts of rain  
in tremendous, torrential waves.  
Lightning cracks and cackles  
his delight  
and thunder claps  
his appreciation.  
But Old Sol  
spoils their fun  
and re-asserts his authority,  
and we begin  
to dry,  
and you know  
I can dig it.

Mike Wafford

## SUNSET

The sunset over the saltmarsh  
was a beautiful sea of red,  
lapping gently upon the shores  
of a deep blue sky.

It is now dusk,  
Grey Spanish moss dangles from  
the oak trees--swaying gently  
in the breeze.

Suddenly, a marsh crane's mysterious  
cry sounds over the evening sky, and  
the soul of nature is the spirit of  
God.

Phillip Garges

## THOUGH I CANNOT CALL YOU FATHER

I have known you  
All my life  
And most of yours,  
Sailed with you  
Round the world,  
Hitch-hiked from Texas,  
Fought and  
Found peace.  
And though you have  
No thought of leaving,  
The day will come  
When you must;  
Because you are a man,  
Sail the seas again,  
Alone.

A. B. Leaming



Walking with the wildflowers  
to a nearby stream,  
sometimes--some days  
I would like to think  
I'm you  
in another world.  
And  
all is very strange,  
stranger to me.

Elissa Domroc

## BUMPETY-BUMP

The small crumpled thing in my arms?  
Just a passing fancy that went running into the street.  
A limousine got it first  
    Bumpety-bump.  
Then a gravel truck.  
    Bumpety-bump.  
Then a whole bunch of cars.  
    Bumpety-bump.  
    Bumpety-bump.  
    Bumpety-bump.  
    Bumpety-bump.

Cathryn Rubenstein



## SMALL TALK

“Hello.”

“Hello. What’s your name?”

“Bill.”

“Hello, Bill”

“Oh, no, that’s not my name!”

“What!?”

“I had it changed.”

“But, Why?”

“Because you don’t know me if you just know my name.”

“I see. Yes, I’m sure that I understand. O.K., then I’ll see you later, Bill.”

“ ”

Bill Gay

## THE CALL BY LONG DISTANCE

My scruffy finger picks a slot,  
Twirls on bone, recedes--  
Repeat, repeat picking the number.

Oh! And suddenly you appear: voice  
Slithering, surprising and energized.  
The first moments are cruel niceties.

The voice is affected with madness, sadness;  
Remembrances spring up, touched by your  
Magic voice; and (hush). . .hope, soul-links  
Are hanging.

Electric renaissance sparks me, intensifies  
Me: Power and consumption.  
Lifeline flying over mile after mile.

As a groping child, the cord is  
My life to satisfy the star-born  
Universal electric power taking will.

Who can dare to rip this cord?  
It is knotted, twisted, interwoven  
Through a year of union and discord.

The cord, electric, yet quiet, supplies  
Our fears, accusations and hopes--knowing  
Whatever we have, whatever we hold.

At the moment of its breaking, my life  
Current shall stop, the incessant beating  
Flow will abruptly halt--I shall as the child  
Be cast into a Hades-life of being  
Earthly man.

Teresa Smith

Today for the first time  
since you left,  
I have not cried.  
I remember sometimes  
when I would catch a  
glimpse of you, when  
your head was cradled  
next to me, and I'd  
let you touch me.  
Maybe that is why you left.

Naomi Coker

I'D LIKE TO BE REMEMBERED

I'd like to be remembered.

MY WOMAN

My woman's face can't be compared  
With any other. (No one's dared.)  
Her figure is round; quite like a plum,  
Her grace is like a rugby scrum.  
But she's all mine, and I don't mind her;  
I just wish that I could find her.

Bill Gay

## WILL YOU SHARE THE LOVE YOU HOLD

Hey, what are you singing?  
Will you share your song  
And let me sing along.  
Will you share the love you hold.  
Will you warm me where I am cold,  
And teach me the verses I do not know,  
And perhaps our love will grow.  
Teach me your songs-melody  
We can sing it in harmony.

Hey, what are you saying?  
Will you let me hear you.  
Will you let me near you.  
Will you share the love you hold.  
Will you warm me where I am cold.  
Let me listen to what you say and  
At your feet my heart will lay.  
I will tell you what I would rather,  
I would like to get together.

You and I  
Tell me why

Hey, what are you singing?

Mike Waffard



## ON BEING BETWEEN

Change came  
Not softly  
But with pressure  
And force  
That pushed me into  
A place "between,"  
Between  
The right and the left,  
I am comfortably trapped  
In this "between"  
I can move  
Within this space,  
Bouncing against the wall of  
Each side,  
Soaring to its height and depth  
But never penetrating it.  
I am one  
Existing in this transparent cube,  
Seeing, but not wanting that  
Which surrounds me.

Al Anderson

## THE PRIDE LASTS LONGER

“THIS’LL HELP!” IT WAS SCREAMED TO BE HEARD; THEN A NEEDLE FLASHED.

Mrs. Stregg sat in her rocker mending a dress for Anne. She was a big woman and just starting to gray. Her hands, thought rough and slightly gnarled, easily worked the needle with machine-like precision. The old chair rocked like a metronome, a stitch to a half note. She hummed hymns.

Sitting on the old couch catching bright bits that sprang from the cushion when he smacked it, Louis wondered why he couldn’t see them between his fingers. Buttons snapped when a large one floated near. (Buttons couldn’t be on the front-room couch.)

Footsteps raced across the back porch, Garth’s head appeared at the screen. “Hello, Mishus Stregg. Get your gun and stuff, Stregg (they had gotten on a last name basis), Arnell and Billy Nelson are comin’, too.” Louis’ bare feet thumped the floor and shot upstairs. In seconds a rattle of guns, canteens, and an empty bayonet sheath (his father took it off a dead German) struggled down and landed in a pile on the back porch.

The choice of weapons and equipment was argued while Louis poked his spindly arms into the faded denim “battle jacket.” He felt indestructible in that jacket—rough against bare skin. The patches on his sleeves (his mother sewed them on) showed that he was both a corporal and a sergeant, depending on which sleeve; and he was in the U.S.Army (engineer corps and infantry,) and the U.S.Air Force (he had his wings.) The ribbons over his left pocket showed he was battle-seasoned and widely travelled.

“You guys ready?” said Arnell. Billy Nelson stood at attention behind him; he was a new kid and hadn’t yet earned rank.

Garth slid off the fender of the old chalky blue Ford, and the two armies went to the empty lot across the street, where there stood a huge hill of dirt at one end of the newly bull-dozed basement. Arnell and Billy Nelson were to hold the hill. Stregg and Poteet (he called him Poteet in public) were dug in at the far end of the really fine trench behind a stack of cement blocks. This was the “base” from which the up-hill-all-the-way assault would be staged.



The battle began. Stregg covered Poteet while he made his way toward a position from which he could grenade the machine gun atop the hill. Buttons crossed the street and started toward the hill only to be beaten back by heavy clod bombardment from both armies.

The assault raged all morning. Billy Nelson went to the house once to use the bathroom (the house because it was No.2,) and Garth to have Louis' mother refill his canteen. Garth lost the use of his left arm (sniper fire) and was pinned down halfway up the hill under heavy bombardment when Stregg, knowing he wouldn't make it, started up after his wounded buddy. (He wouldn't make it because Arnell and Billy Nelson lost yesterday.) Poteet was in terrific pain--his voice showed it: "Go back Stregg! Ya can't make it! I'm done for." Running fast and low, Louis Stregg just reached Poteet when Billy Nelson lobbed a clod grenade. There it lay. Stregg jumped up and kicked it away just in time when Arnell, standing on top of the hill, feet firmly planted in the dirt, shot his plastic bazooka from the hip. "Ya got me in the gut, Nelson!" Louis lay looking up the hill. A tree beside him was speckled with bits of intestine.

He would have liked to protest the needle, not to sleep through his own death. He thought what the Journal might say, picture with uniform and all; and he could see his mother weeping quietly and with great dignity while Annie answered the door. His father would stay in the first day, but after that he would resume his daily walk to town, for awhile with an arm band like Mr. Langly had worn. But Billy Langly had died in a boot-camp accident, and though the story gained much in the telling, this death, Louis thought, would tell much better. The grief would be real and severe, but grief, like anger, is very hard to sustain. The pride would last much longer. Louis felt it, too.

Cathryn Rubenstein

All for the price of admission  
down the street,  
come and see the “side shows”  
of the western world.

And carry your bullets in full  
array, they’re selling tickets,  
giving roses, giving lives away,  
all for the price of admission.

Elissa Domroe

## DREAMER

You dream of the past and the future too;  
What will you have when your dreaming is  
through?

Is it not the work you do today  
That puts food on the table and earns your  
pay?

Yet you just sit there, as idle as can be,  
With a future to gain, but this you can not  
see.

You are too busy dreaming of tomorrow today;  
You're just sitting there, dreaming your future  
away.

B.H. Reeves, Jr.



Magic pumpkins  
sitting all alone  
amongst the weeds, flowers and vines  
in my garden home.  
It isn't fun to grow,  
to bloom, produce and die.

Nature has no mercy--  
all are made her prey  
But magic pumpkins  
can survive and fight off winter's harm  
to see the spring arrive.

Magic pumpkins never die.

Dennis Ziebell

## WORLD WAR ONE PHOTOGRAPH

Arms outflung,  
helmet leaning  
On his nose.  
Rifle unslung,  
Homeward thoughts  
leaning on the wire.  
Wheels turning  
the weary mud  
Tells all  
the picture,  
Tells a thousand  
more will come.

The evening fires  
tell all.  
The flies in swarms  
tell all.  
The flaming arches  
of the flares  
Tell everyone  
of us. . .  
A thousand more  
will come.

The grey seas  
    lift demons  
Of fury untaught  
    with Jellicoe  
At the cold water  
    to feel,  
Nothing of fear  
    tossed in the air.  
Molecules of men  
    to fish in  
Transit--tells  
    us more  
Will mean making,  
    more will come.

Fields unplanted,  
    starkly empty  
Of grains waving  
    in the noon-time.  
Cut leaves,  
    no seeds were planted.  
Nothing grows here  
    except a thought.  
Nothing learns  
    to teach  
Except a photograph,  
    tall child's man  
Homeward leaning,  
    Good-bye.

John Stone

If i could find the words that would so greatly have  
an impact on my generation--the words i know so well  
and believe so strongly.

If i could only show my industrious friends the True  
Way in which all troubles, burdens, and griefs could  
be lightened--then our generation would truly be the  
most outstanding.

Not in the aspect of riots, demonstrations and bombs  
to prove that we can be heard above "the establishment,"  
or to be remembered as to have pushed freedom so far as  
to where it is going backward.

But that this age could stand for the Universal Knowledge  
of The Supreme--love and peace for which we are so  
anxiously trying to capture.

Teresa Smith



To be a magic pumpkin  
to catch a cinderella  
I'd keep her in my bowels,  
her cello cries her pain.  
Till the time will come  
that cellos are the style,  
She'll rise again  
and sing of the life of  
before the sun arose.

My Cinderella, my cinderella,  
remember me  
the magic pumpkin,  
friendly, loving, alive  
(but while you were there.)  
And I'll be listening for the music  
that cries its pain.  
I'll be watching for that cello  
to me its story refrains  
of the cinderella--who with her cello found her fame.

Dennis Ziebell

## TO JEANNETTE

Was it only yesterday  
We met you in the yard?  
You gave us the grand tour,  
Showed us the roses you rooted,  
The azaleas, the bamboos,  
And the trees now overgrown  
Where the garden used to be.

And around the back where  
The lush fig trees stood,  
A small one still, but not the same.  
A blaze climber claimed its place,  
Red petals flashing, full in the sun,  
In silent testimony of the one  
Who planted it there.

Then again to the front, supported  
By a cane, past pecan trees tall,  
That have lost all sense of time;  
Ever faithful in the harvest  
Of bushels upon bushels; evoking  
Memories of nut-cracking parties  
On the back porch in the fall.

Now in the sitting room, encircling  
The fireplace are numerous pictures  
Of grandchildren, now full grown;  
Nieces and nephews past their prime;  
Sons and daughters, sisters and brothers;  
Mother and father in their time, and  
Husband just a few years gone.

Talk of books and art, old friends  
And family--long since passed,  
But green in memory as living still.  
Though frequently suffering, and in pain,  
Yet optimistic to the very last,  
Inspiring to all, in spite of ills,  
You have not left this house in vain.\*

DuBose Robertson

*\*In memory of my aunt, Mrs. W.J. Lemon of Barnwell, S.C., who passed away in April, 1969. This attempt at poetry was inspired by the memorable readings of poetry by Professor John David Gannon, especially, the poems of Dylan Thomas.*

## REFLECTIONS IN WHITE

And in the night,  
one  
and glossed view  
of memories.  
The "temptuous" sound  
of melody  
lingering  
now  
from day of life  
and  
gliding.  
And a look quite  
closely,  
as though it  
were too soon  
or not at all  
to reflections  
in white  
and shades of  
tinted colors.

Elissa Domroc  
December' 1967

## SPRING

The fog comes  
The fog goes

The rain pours  
The rain stops

The flower grows  
The flower blossoms

My love for you grows  
But never fades

Ken Elm

## SEARCHING

I have mixed feelings for people;  
They are hard to understand.  
I suppose if I could see myself,  
Then I could see into the minds of men.

Mildred Shaw

“ . . . Awake the dawn that sleeps in heaven; let light  
Rise from the chambers of the east, and bring  
The honied dew that cometh on waking day.”

William Blake  
(1757 — 1827)



## GRASS

Sharp, pointed, green, shining,  
sunlit acres endless from this  
point of view. Warm ground  
beneath my feet and sun radiating  
on my back. In this beautiful  
ideal part of life, I can bathe  
in the glorious fate of man.  
Each of us in the acres observes  
in close scrutiny his acre and  
only sees his blade.

Meta Huggins



You remind me of Spring,  
things come up out of me like flowers from the earth  
just because of your warm weather,  
pink and lavender, tiny blossoms.

Your love reminds me of the ocean.  
The tide seeps in, covers up all my flesh weaknesses,  
wears down my past warnings of pain  
overcome with sweet love for you.

Your touch is like watching the sunset  
when God blesses the earth with quiet,  
a quiet earthquake in my soul,  
another night with you.

People change.  
Spring fades into Fall finally.  
The tide goes away, backs out.  
Sunset, with no sunrise since you left.

Naomi Coker

## FROM THE EDITOR

In this issue of THE SEFER, our staff has attempted to present a variety of contemporary material as we wish to reach the varied personalities that may read this collection. We hope that this second issue will encourage the students at the Baptist College to contribute new ideas and material so that we may continue this publication.

## ABOUT THE ANACREONTIC LITERARY SOCIETY. . .

The purpose of this Literary Society is to cultivate interest in all forms of literature. It represents an outlet for dialogue in Group Discussion, Poetry Readings, Guest Speakers, and Informal Gatherings. Students interested in joining this Literary Society should write to

Linda L. Seiber — Secretary  
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On Saturday, April 3, 1971, our fall 1970 issue of The SEFER was awarded First Place For Excellence For the Best Cartoon (artist—Al Anderson) by the South Carolina Collegiate Press Association.

CHARLESTON SOUTHERN UNIVERSITY



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